

**Scene Fourteen
Elsewhere in Arden**

[MUSIC 11A – OH DEER PLAYOFF/“ALL THE WORLD’S A STAGE”]

(As everyone else saunters off, JAQUES is in her own little world, still working on her unfinished philosophy...)

JAQUES.

ALL THE WORLD’S A STAGE,
ALL THE WORLD’S A STAGE...

*(She struggles to come up with the next line.
ROSALIND and CELIA enter.)*

START

ROSALIND. *(As Ganymede.)* They say you are a melancholy person.

JAQUES. I do love it better than laughing.

ROSALIND. *(As Ganymede.)* Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows.

JAQUES. It is a melancholy of mine own, okay? And I’m trying to write something right now, so I’m not really in a social mood.

ROSALIND. *(As Ganymede.)* What has’t thee writ so far?

JAQUES. Oh! Well, um, it’s just a first draft and it’s still pretty rough but it goes something like...

ALL THE WORLD’S A STAGE
AND EVERYBODY’S -

(Enter ORLANDO, interrupting.)

ORLANDO. Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind.

JAQUES. Oh look, it’s Romeo’s understudy.

ROSALIND. (*As Ganymede.*) Why, how now, Orlando, where have you been all this while?

ORLANDO. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

ROSALIND. (*As Ganymede.*) Break an hour's promise in love?

ORLANDO. Pardon me -

ROSALIND. (*As Ganymede.*) Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight!

ORLANDO. My dear Rosalind!

ROSALIND. (*As Ganymede.*) Come, woo me, woo me, for now I am in a holiday humor, and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now if I were your very, very Rosalind?

ORLANDO. I would kiss before I spoke.

ROSALIND. (*As Ganymede.*) Nay, you were better speak first. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

ORLANDO. How if the kiss be denied?

ROSALIND. (*As Ganymede.*) Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

ORLANDO. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

ROSALIND. (*As Ganymede.*) Marry, that should you if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

ORLANDO. What, of my suit?

ROSALIND. (*As Ganymede.*) Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am I not your Rosalind?

ORLANDO. I take some joy to say you are because I would be talking of her.

ROSALIND. (*As Ganymede.*) Well, in her person, I say, I will not have you.

ORLANDO. Then, in mine own person I die.

ROSALIND. (*As Ganymede.*) No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person in a love cause. These are all lies. Men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

ORLANDO. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for I protest her frown might kill me.

ROSALIND. (*As Ganymede.*) By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come; now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

ORLANDO. Then love me, Rosalind.

ROSALIND. (*As Ganymede.*) Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all. - Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. - Give me your hand, Orlando.

END

(**ROSALIND** and **ORLANDO** take hands. It's the first time they've physically touched. A spark.)

ORLANDO. (*To CELIA.*) Pray thee marry us.

CELIA. (*As Aliena.*) I cannot say the words.

ROSALIND. (*As Ganymede.*) You must begin "Will you, Orlando -"

CELIA. (*As Aliena.*) Go to - Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

ORLANDO. I will.

ROSALIND. (*As Ganymede.*) Ay, but when?

ORLANDO. Why now, as fast as she can marry us.